

*Pol.* Come, goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,  
This is the very extacy of loue,  
Whose violent property forgoes it selfe,  
And leads the will to desperat vndertakings  
As oft as any passions vnder heauen  
That dooes afflict our natures: I am sorry,  
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

*Ophe.* No my good Lord, but as you did commaund  
I did repell his letters: and denied  
His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement  
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle  
And meant to wracke thee, but beshrow my Ielousies:  
By heauen it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,  
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue  
More grieve to hide, then hate to vtter loue,  
Come.

*Exeunt.*

*Flourish.* Enter King and Queene, Rosencrans and  
Gyldensterne.

*King.* Welcome deere Rosencrans and Gyldensterne,  
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,  
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke  
Our hasty sending, something haue you heard  
Of Hamlets transformation, so call it,  
Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man  
Resembles that it was, what it should be,  
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,  
So much from the vnderstanding of himselfe  
I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both,  
That beeing of so young daies brought vp with him,  
And sith so neighbored to his youth and hau-  
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court  
Some little time, so by your companies  
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

So

So much as from occasion you may gleane,  
Whether ought to vs vnkowne afflicts him thus,  
That opend lies within our remedy.

*Quee.* Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,  
And sere I am, two men there are not liuing,  
To whome he more adheres; if it will please you  
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,  
As to extend your time with vs a while,  
For the supply and profit of our hope,  
Your visitation shal receiue such thanks  
As fits a Kings remembrance.

*Ros.* Both your Maiesties  
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,  
Put your dread pleasures more into commaund  
Then to intreaty.

*Guyld.* But we both obey,  
And here give vp our selues in the full bent,  
To lay our seruice freely at your feete

*King.* Thanks Rosencrans, and gentle Guyldensterne,

*Quee.* Thanks Guyldensterne, and gentle Rosencrans.  
And I beseech you instantly to visite  
My too much changed sonne; goe some of you  
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

*Guyld.* Heauens make our presence and our practices  
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

*Quee.* I Amen.

*Exeunt Ros. and Guyld.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Th'embassadors from Norway my good Lord,  
Are ioyfully returnd.

*King.* Thou still hast beene the father of good newes.

*Pol.* Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege  
I hold my duty as I hold my soule.

Both to my God, and to my gracious King;  
And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine  
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure  
As it hath vsd to doe, that I haue found  
The very cause of Hamlets lunacy.

*King.* O speake of that, that do I long to heare.

E. 3

Pol.